

Farm News - October

Goodfare - good food, good neighbours. Our closest neighbour is one mile by canoe (as the crow flies) or two miles by road. When a neighbour has to move away for whatever reason, a huge hole can be left in the community. That is the case in our little part of the world. I am reminded of the loss every time I open the fridge. That gallon jar of milk no longer occupies a place of prominence at the front of the fridge. It has been sadly replaced by cardboard container of homogenized liquid from some unknown, unappreciated collection of commercial cows from who knows where.

"Honey" was often leaning over the fence as I would arrive at my neighbour's farm. The big eyed Jersey was hand milked by a nine year old girl. They were best of buds. Twice a day the Jersey would get milked.

When I would drive up, the girl would quickly go down into their massive root cellar and return with a big smile carrying a gallon jar full of milk and cream. Price for a gallon? It was never even mentioned. That's the nice thing about the neighbourhood. We just share. Too bad there is now one less family.

Quarter section for sale. Log house with no utilities. Massive root cellar. Good neighbourhood. Nice spot to raise a family and a milk cow.

I sure am glad to have five WWOOFers staying on the farm this past month.

Three from Germany, one from Holland and one from California, the group ranges in age from 18-37. While I have been spending my time healing from last month's heart surgery, they have been busy doing all the things I should normally be doing myself: sorting cattle, castrating pigs, catching bison, splitting firewood, mixing turkey feed, trips to town, repairing broken pig huts, collecting hay bales, helping the neighbours with firewood, moving the turkey pens, checking fencelines, building fences. Everyday is busy (except Sundays for them) and you just never know what can happen next.

Bison escape! The field holding the 37 yearling bison was a mile long and a great place for them to run. So when the tree fell across the fence they all ran over to find that the fence wire was down. I'm guessing that's what had happened because the next thing I know, a guy came to the door saying he saw a herd of bison - seven kilometres away! Although it is a bit unsettling to know that \$70,000 of your future income is missing somewhere out in the bush, I have faith that they will return home.

SPCA seize Berkshire pigs on a Vancouver Island farm and wonder if I could come and take some. Vancouver Island is a long way to drive a pickup and stock trailer and only a crazy person would consider something like that. For some pigs? We'll see.